

DENNIS P. EICHHORN'S SOI-DISANT SEQUENTIALISTICISM

# REAL STUFF

MATURE READERS

NO.13 \$2.50 (\$2.95 IN CAN)\*

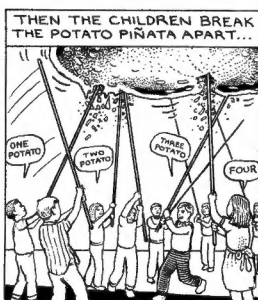
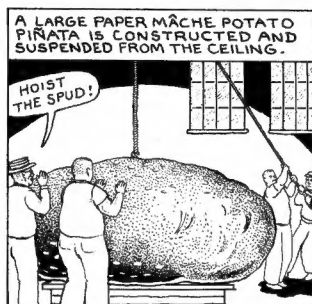
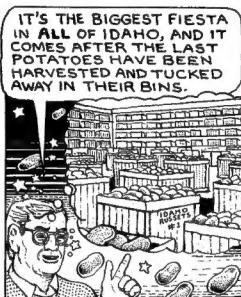
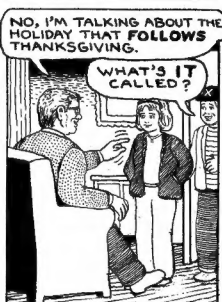
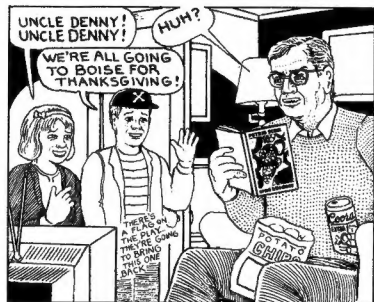


CAREL MOISEWITSCH GERALD JABLONSKI HOWARD CHACKOWICZ JEFFREY DICKINSON  
J.R. WILLIAMS R.L. CRABB KENT MYERS CURT SHOULTZ ED BRUBAKER JEFF JOHNSON

PANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

# SAY A PRAYER FOR THE POMME DE TERRE

BY DENNIS P. EICHORN  
ART BY G. JABLONSKI



TO BE CONTINUED!!

**Real Stuff # 13**, June, 1993. Real Stuff is published by Fantagraphics Books, Inc., and is copyright © 1993 Dennis P. Eichhorn. All characters, stories, and art © 1993 Dennis P. Eichhorn and their respective creators: Carol Mosiewitsch, Gerald Jablonski, Howard Chockowicz, Jeffrey Dickinson, J.R. Williams, R.L. Crooks, Kent Myers, Curt Shultz, Ed Brinkler, and Jeff Johnson. Design and back cover colors by Pat Moriarty. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in Real Stuff and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, with the exception of autobiographical material. Letters to Real Stuff become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: June, 1993. Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City NE, Seattle WA 98115. Send for our free catalogue!

# BABA RAM TWEETY

BY  
DENNIS  
PAPA  
EICHHORN  
ARTWORK BY  
HOWARD  
CHACKOWICZ

AMEN, BABA  
RAM TWEETY!

WE NEED MORE  
BRAINFUEL, MY CHILDREN!

LEAD THE WAY,  
BELOVED PATRIARCH!

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID, THE  
TWEETY BROTHERS LIVED NEARBY.

LOOK AT  
THAT FAT  
LITTLE PUNK!

WE CAN HAVE  
SOME FUN WITH  
HIM.

JACK AND JOHNNY TWEETY WERE TRUE 1950's JUVENILE  
DELINQUENTS! ONE AFTERNOON THEY STRUNG SOME BARBED  
WIRE ACROSS THE ALLEY NEAR MY HOUSE, ABOUT FOUR FEET OFF THE  
GROUND...

THIS OUGHT TO  
GIVE HIM A BIG  
SURPRISE!

YEAH...  
HEE HEE  
HEE!

THAT EVENING, WHEN I RACED DOWN  
THE ALLEY ON MY WAY HOME FOR SUPPER...

OBOY!

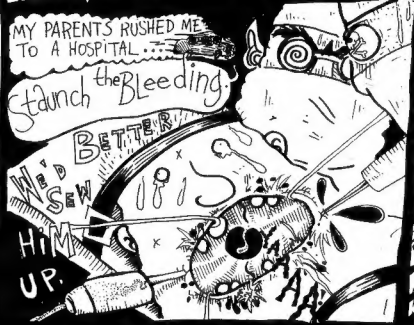
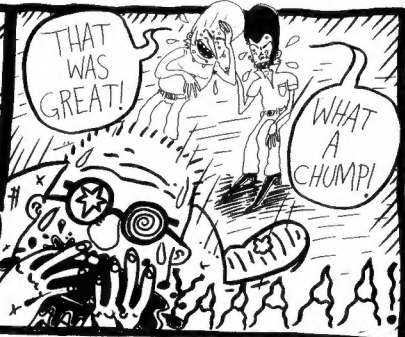
...I DIDN'T  
EVEN SEE  
IT COMING!

ALL  
RIGHT!

YES!

YO!







TEN YEARS AFTER, I WAS HAVING A BEER IN A BOISE TAVERN WHEN A NEWS BROADCAST CAUGHT MY EYE.

AND TODAY THE SAD NEWS THAT ONE OF OUR LOCAL BOISEANS HAS PASSED AWAY.

1965  
MAY

I DON'T THINK THE BRONCOS... HEY, BARTENDER, TURN THAT TV. UP, WILL YA?

SURE.

KER-SPLAT

PRIVATE TWEETY IS SURVIVED BY HIS PARENTS, JAMES AND BETTY TWEETY, AND BY HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, JOHN TWEETY, ALL RESIDENTS OF BOISE.



AND I KNOW THAT GUY, TOO! THE ONE WITH THE LONG HAIR.

UM?

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JACKSON D. TWEETY DIED TODAY, WHEN HIS PARACHUTE FAILED TO OPEN DURING A TRAINING EXERCISE AT FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON.

I KNOW THAT GUY!

OUCH!

YEAH.

TOO BAD.

BARTENDER... DRINKS ARE ON ME! A ROUND FOR EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE... AND POUR ONE FOR YOURSELF!



THANKS.

THANKS.

SURE THING!

OUR HEARTS GO OUT TO THE TWEETY FAMILY IN THIS, THEIR TIME OF SORROW.

ANOTHER FIVE YEARS WENT BY. I WAS IN SEATTLE, BUYING A SHEET OF BLOTTER ACID FROM A DEALER, WHEN...

HOW MANY UNITS DO YOU HAVE ON HAND?

QUITE A FEW... WAIT, HEAR THAT?

HONK! HONK!

PLASTIC WRAP

FOLLOW ME, MY CHILDREN... WE MUST REPLENISH OUR SUPPLY OF SACRED BRAIN FUEL!

WHAT'S THIS?

LET US MAKE IT SO

IT'S THE BABA RAM TWEEETY CULT... THEY'RE SOME OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS.

WE HEAR AND OBEY

MAGIC BUS

?!

WELCOME BABA RAM TWEEETY!

ON BEHALF OF MY EARTHLY FAMILY-- GREETINGS, BROTHER!

FAR OUT!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

TOO MUCH!

RIGHT ON!

PLEASE... COME IN AND MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE

COOL

GROOVY!

THANK YOU, BROTHER.

THERE... THEY CAN CONCENTRATE ON THE COSMIC ONENESS WHILE WE TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS.

OMMMMMMM...

ALL RIGHT.

HOW MUCH DO YOU HAVE?

FORTY SHEETS LIKE THIS

HOW MUCH PER SHEET?

IF YOU TAKE 'EM ALL, SEVENTY-FIVE EACH.

SO... A TOTAL OF THREE GRAND?

RIGHT.

OMMMM

M... M...

HERE, MY CHILDREN... THE MANNA OF THE GODS.

BRT



# Clarence.

©'93 EICHORN & WILLIAMS

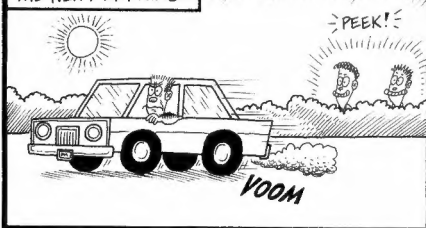
TONY AND FRANCO LIVED IN BOISE'S NORTH END.



THEY DIDN'T GET ALONG WITH CLARENCE, THEIR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.



THE NEXT MORNING...



TONY & FRANCO TOOK TO CALLING CLARENCE AT ALL HOURS.





THEY KEPT IT UP FOR YEARS. LATER, WHEN THEY MOVED ACROSS TOWN AND ENTERED HIGH SCHOOL, THEY PASSED CLARENCE'S PHONE NUMBER AROUND.

IF YOU WANT SOME LAUGHS, CALL THIS GUY UP & INSULT HIS WIFE! IT GETS HIS GOAT EVERY TIME.

WILL DO.

Clarence 623-2815

BEFORE LONG, DOZENS OF GOOFY TEENAGERS WERE CALLING CLARENCE REGULARLY. I DID IT A FEW TIMES MYSELF.

FERR-ING!

OH, NO... NOT AGAIN!!

Z

--YES?!!?

WAKE UP, CLARENCE--TIME FOR THAT UGLY WIFE OF YOURS TO SIT ON YOUR FACE AND SHIT IN YOUR MOUTH!

--YOU GODDAM ASSHOLES!!! YOU DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO SHOW YOURSELVES, OR I'D KILL ALL OF YOU!!!

CLARENCE CHANGED TO AN UNLISTED NUMBER, BUT IT DIDN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD.

TONY? THIS IS YOUR COUSIN ANGIE DOWN AT THE PHONE COMPANY... YEAH, I GOT THAT NUMBER YOU WANTED.

AND SOON...

CLARENCE'S NEW #  
1-623-1182  
OPEN 24 HOURS

THIS WENT ON UNTIL CLARENCE DIED. I HEARD HE HAD A STROKE WHILE TALKING ON THE PHONE.

TELL YOUR WHORE OF A WIFE TO SUCK THE DOG'S DICK, CLARENCE! HAH HA!!

--URK!

--YOU DIRTY COCKSUCKERS!

TONY MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AS A SNITCH IN THE MID-60'S. HE SET UP A FEW OF HIS POT-SMOKING FRIENDS FOR BOISE'S FIRST DRUG BUST.

...HOW COULD THEY HAVE KNOWN?!

GOOD JOB, LAD!

HE WENT ON TO BECOME A BOISE COP.

FRANCO WENT TO LAW SCHOOL AND BECAME A PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

THROW THE BOOK AT HIM, YOUR HONOR!

IT WAS JUST... THEIR THING!!!

HEY, CLARENCE MESSED WITH THE WRONG PEOPLE!

YEAH--HE GOT HIS.

HE WAS KNOWN AS A RELENTLESS FOE.

FINI.

# THE BIG RIP-OFF

by Dennis P. Eichhorn  
Art by Jeffrey Dickinson

CON MEN ARE BORN, NOT MADE.  
TAKE JUDD, FOR INSTANCE...



JUDD WAS THE SORT OF GUY  
WHO TRIED TO CASH IN ON  
EVERY SITUATION.



BUT WHEN JUDD WAS A SENIOR IN HIGH  
SCHOOL, HE SENSED OPPORTUNITY.



...AND FOR ANOTHER  
TEN BUCKS, YOU CAN COME  
TO THE BIG SENIOR ALL-NIGHT  
PARTY! ALL THE BEER YOU  
CAN DRINK AND ALL THE  
CHICKEN YOU CAN EAT!





# De Soto's Demise

STORY  
DENNIS EICHORN

ART  
KENT MEERS © 1993



ONE NIGHT I **STOLE** MY PARENT'S CAR  
SO I COULD GO TO A **RODEO** IN NAMPA, IDAHO.



I GOT TOO **DRUNK**, AND **CRASHED** INTO A BRIDGE ON MY WAY HOME.





I LIVED .....

STAGGERING FROM THE WRECK, I THUMBED A RIDE.

OOHHHHHHH...

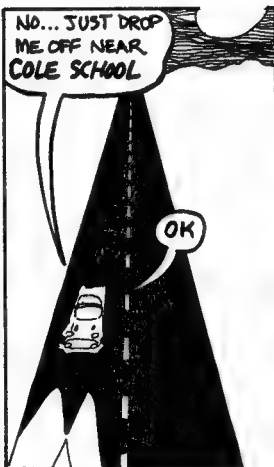
MAN I'M HURT BAD, I  
BETTER GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE  
I GET NAILED FOR DRUNKEN  
DRIVING!





THANKS AGAIN!

THAT'S A NASTY CUT... YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL?



NO... JUST DROP ME OFF NEAR COLE SCHOOL

OK



I GOT OUT ABOUT A BLOCK AWAY FROM OUR HOUSE...

I CAN MAKE IT FROM HERE

TELL 'EM YOU CUT YOURSELF SHAVING!

I MADE IT HOME, BUT COLLAPSED ON THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT.



THAT'S WHERE OLD IKE FOUND ME A FEW HOURS LATER WHEN HE CAME OUTSIDE TO PICK UP THE MORNING PAPER!

WHAT ON EARTH?!!



HE GOT ME TO OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN WHO KEPT THE CDPS AT BAY... BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.

HE'LL LIVE TO DRIVE AGAIN!

THE POLICE TELL ME THAT MY CAR IS A TOTAL LOSS!



THERE'S A MORAL HERE SOMEWHERE, BUT "DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE" DOESN'T QUITE COVER IT!

the end

DEATH IS FOREVER  
BUT, SOMETIMES, THE  
ENDLESS SLEEPERS  
GET RESTLESS. I  
FOUND THAT OUT THE  
NIGHT I CHECKED  
INTO A...

# HAUNTED MOTEL

BY DENNIS REICHORN  
ARTWORK BY  
CURT A. SHOULTZ



WE WERE DRIVING SOUTH  
THROUGH OREGON ON I-5  
WHEN WE DECIDED TO REST  
OUR WEARY BONES.



WE CRUISED AROUND UNTIL  
WE SPOTTED A LIKELY  
MOTEL.







THEY THREW ME DOWN  
THE GLORYHOLE...



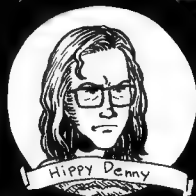
AND BURNED MY CABIN  
TO THE GROUND...

THAT'S ONE MORMON  
WHO WON'T BE  
TROUBLIN' HONEST  
FOLK ANY LONGER.



END

# THE GUY WHO WANTED TO BE FRIENDS

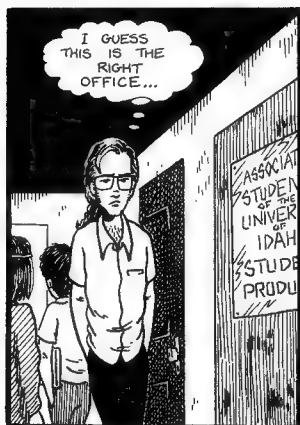


Hippy Denny

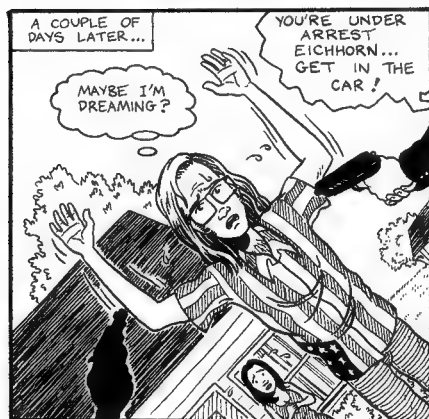
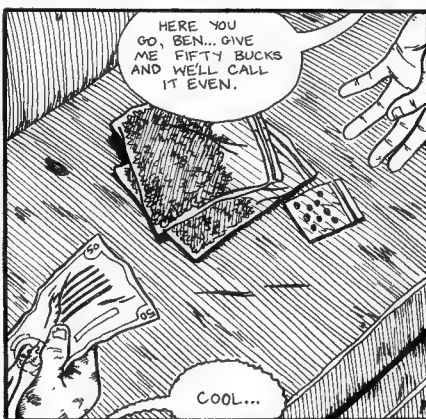
by Dennis P. Eichhorn  
drawn by Ed Brubaker



Good Friend Karl









I WAS THROWN IN JAIL AND ARRAIGNED. IT TURNED OUT THAT BOTH KARL AND HIS "COUSIN" WERE UNDERCOVER NARCOTICS AGENTS, WORKING WITH A SPECIAL TASK FORCE FROM THE STATE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE.

THESE AFFIDAVITS HAVE BEEN DULY ATTESTED TO BY AGENT KARL KOCH AND OFFICER J.C. PRUITT... BAIL IS SET AT FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WASH STATE

LATAH COUNTY JAIL

SO I WENT OFF TO PRISON FOR A FEW MONTHS AND LIFE WENT ON. J.C. PRUITT CONTINUED HIS UNDERCOVER ACTIVITIES IN OTHER LOCALES...

MEET MY COUSIN FROM BERKELEY EVERYBODY.

JUST CALL ME BIG BEN.

HAVE

MY WIFE DIDN'T GET BUSTED, BUT SEVERAL OF THE FRIENDS I'D INTRODUCED TO KARL DID.

IF YOU PLEAD GUILTY, THEY'LL DROP THE CHARGES AGAINST EVERYONE ELSE.

I'LL GET SENT UP ANYWAY IF I FIGHT IT, WON'T I? DO IT.

... AND KARL KOCH LEFT MOSCOW ABRUPTLY AND MOVED TO KETCHUM, IDAHO.

WELCOME TO IDAHO SUN

I HEARD THAT HE ACQUIRED A PET RACCOON THAT HE TOOK WITH HIM EVERYWHERE...

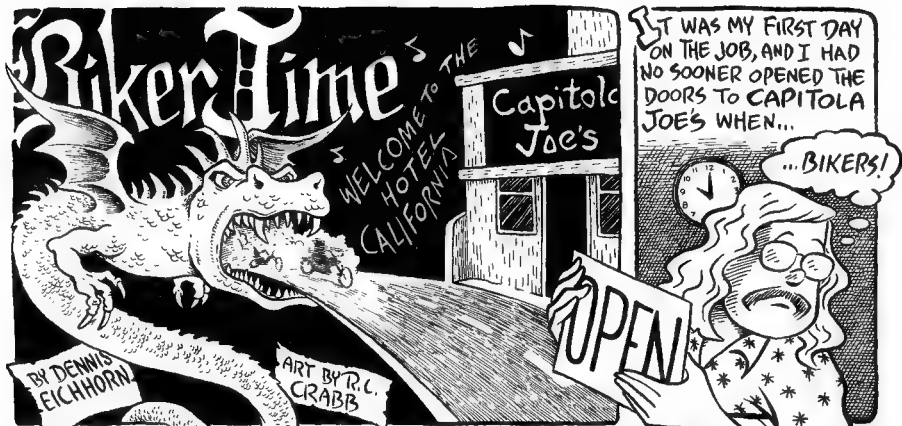
IT WAS PROBABLY A GOOD WAY TO MEET PEOPLE.

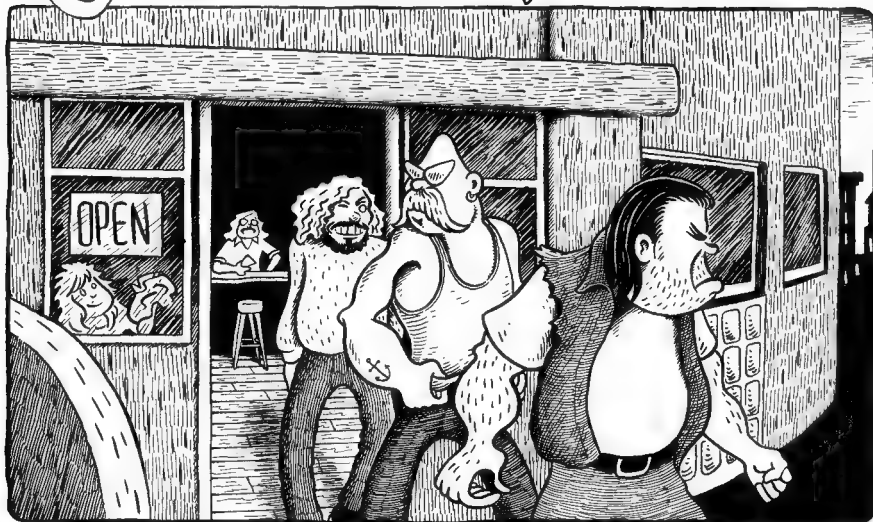
OOOO, IT'S SO CUTE!

HIS NAME'S ROCKY...

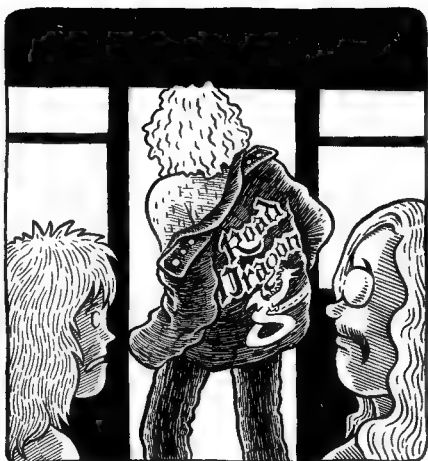
SAY... WANNA GET STONED?

BUMMER, MAN!









# HANDS OFF

by Dennis P. Eichhorn  
Artwork by Jeff Johnson

IN NORTH SEATTLE, THERE USED TO BE A TAVERN ON 85th THAT HAD ALL KINDS OF MUSIC... FROM CLOG-DANCING ON WEDNESDAYS...



...TO ROCK'N'ROLL ON FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS.



MICHAEL, THE OWNER, FELL IN LOVE WITH A BARTENDER NAMED RAY.



BUT RAY PROVED FICKLE.



MICHAEL LOST HIS COOL...







RAY WAS RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL, AND SURVIVED...



FUNNY THING, BUT RAY KEPT WORKING FOR MICHAEL.



IT GAVE THE PHRASE "HANDS OFF THE HELP!" NEW MEANING.



